

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS ARE BACK AGAIN

The Choice and Master
Spirits of This New Age

THE saving of the world has fallen upon the Island and the Great Republic, the English-Speakers, the dead and effete democracies. They have suddenly awakened from their sleep and become aware.

The old, old story of Creation springing out of Chaos is being played out before our eyes. Chaos indeed, with every moral and spiritual value, every material possession, challenged or destroyed, and bombs falling as rain on this little Island which has sent freedom like sunshine to the ends of the earth. But swiftly, as if it were a new creative act of Nature, there has risen in the Island a power that nothing known can contradict, that will save mankind from perishing if we can but hold out until we have enough of it.

The Sights Our Land Has Seen

THIS age-old land has seen many wondrous spectacles. It has seen invaders and conquerors repelled or absorbed for a thousand years. It has seen tyrants fall before the majestic tide of its people's wrath. It has seen dynasty after dynasty clothe itself with fame and disappear. It saw Shakespeare walking along its roads to London. It saw blind Milton sitting at a cottage gate, dreaming of Paradise. It saw Francis Drake come home with the pride of the world encompassed on his brow. It saw Sir Walter Raleigh planning the future of Virginia. It saw the founders of America playing as boys on her village greens, the Stars and Stripes on her church walls before they flew in Washington, the old folk of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln laid to rest in her churchyards. It saw the Great Armada scattered and Napoleon exiled, and it learned the secret of building up bulwarks of freedom so strong that none could break them. Its Fleet policed the seas for all mankind, and Freedom was secure.

And yet in its long centuries it has seen no spectacle that can compare with this, for King Arthur and his Knights have come again,

*A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a Time.*

It is the New Age of the world that they are heralding. They burst upon us in these days of darkness and terror bringing new hope and promise to suffering mankind. They are the miraculous power appearing in the skies, the secret weapon of the human race in its fight against destruction.

The Flower of Youth

It took a thousand years to build up the British Fleet into the most efficient machine made by man; in less than a thousand days there has been produced to keep it company the matchless R A F, the incomparable and inexorable power before which the hosts of evil crumble when they meet. It has become the most significant human force on the earth today, a few thousand men saving the destinies of a thousand millions. Nothing the Dictators have done in their Slave States can compare with this for efficiency and power. It is something the Totalitarian country cannot do—to take the eternal human spirit and weave it into something that will do its bidding and bring down whatever powers may be against it anywhere.

The choice and master spirits of this age, these men in the flower of youth go out to die if need be

for mankind. They mount up with wings as eagles, they rise and do not faint; but never do they rise without the thought that these green fields of England, these highlands of Scotland, these valleys and mountains of Wales, may never be theirs again. When the call is for volunteers to go out to almost certain death men put their names into a hat and every name is there, each man trusting to his fate.

Freedom's Star

It is for his country, for freedom, for everything worth living for, that he lays his life upon the altar. It is in the spirit of those men who sailed the unknown seas that these men sail the skies. It is the courage of Captain Scott who lay down in his tent, not to die but to live immortal, that impels them on. It is the faith of Twelve Men who turned the world upside down that stirs within this little host. It is an epic to which only Milton could do justice that they are writing in the heavens. We think of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Richard Grenville on land and sea in ages past; of Galahad whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure; of Mr Greatheart meeting Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation; of Mr Valiant crossing the river with all the trumpets sounding on the other side; and the glory of the men of the R A F does not fade in this great company. They shine in the sky like Freedom's Star of Bethlehem.

THE KNOCKER AT THE DOOR

DEAR EDITOR, Yesterday, on hearing a knock at the front door of the vicarage, our maid went to answer it and saw through the glass a young ringdove sitting on the knocker. She called to everyone, and when I came it was sitting calmly on the doorstep looking up at everyone with the greatest self-possession. We opened the door and in it walked, like any caller, strutted into our dining-room and ate a large meal of breadcrumbs. Can this be some wonderful omen? Anyway, the dove is the sweetest thing, and seems absolutely without fear, but must be a wild one, as there is no ring on its leg and there are wild ones in woods near by.

MARGARET J. HOWES, Beenham Vicarage, Reading

It is a stern business on which these young heroes set out. It is theirs

*To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs.*

It is life or death for Liberty and for all that is decent on the earth, and with them go the keys of fate. But they harm no noble thing. Like Francis Drake they would not hurt the hair of a woman's head. They will bring their weapons home again if they do not find their target. Their honour is their life. Their enemy must have an equal chance; never will they "shoot a sitting bird," or strike a felon blow, but they will face the odds against them though they are ten to one.

A Nation Unafraid

GERMANY has made ten wars in Europe in a lifetime and never been invaded or seen in her own land the devastation she has spread in Europe; yet these immortals have invaded her a thousand times and more, breaking up the powers of Nazidom, making brutes tremble, destroying at its source the evil that would overrun the earth. The stories of their prowess are incredible yet true, so incredible have their triumphs been that the Government has found it needful again and again to impress upon our people that the recorded achievement is all to be relied upon and errs on one side only—that not the full truth is told.

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THE KNIGHTS OF THE SPEEDING PLANE

A German Paper on the Hitler War

All C.N. readers know that Germans live in loyalty and peace under the British flag; there is a small German colony on the banks of the Murray River in Australia who are Daisy Bates's nearest neighbours and friends. Canada also has loyal Germans whose hearts are with us now, and it is good to read an editorial in "Der Nordwesten," a German language newspaper published in the Dominion. This is what it says:

WE are keenly appreciative of the difficulties that the tragedy forced upon us brings to loyal German Canadians. Many of them still have close ties of kinship with their Fatherland and the sentiments which arise from that fact are not readily eradicated, nor should they be under less dangerous circumstances.

This, however, is the day of stern realism. All those who love Canada must put Canada first, and must act with all the force of which they are capable, remembering that the war is not of Canada's creation, not of Britain's creation, but was conceived and plotted in the

Chancelleries of Germany and Italy, with the dominating object of crushing all nations that would not bow the knee to the Dictators' views of civilisation.

This is the challenge which Britain and her Dominions (with their own absolute power of self-government) accepted. This is the war which, with Canada's help, in man power, supplies, and undaunted courage, must be won and will be won, if all that is worth living for is not to vanish from this land which we cheerfully accepted as our home.

As a newspaper now serving its nationality throughout the Dominion, for over half a century, we feel that there should be no misunderstanding among our people. If there are any newspapers printed in the German language in Canada that are not dealing with the drastic realities of the war, they are rendering a disservice not only to the country, but to the vast majority of German people whose loyalty to Canadian institutions is not and never was in question.

Rumania Gives Up More Territory

ONCE again part of the district of the Balkans known as Dobrudja belongs to Bulgaria, having been ceded to her by Rumania.

By this transaction, and by her loss of Bessarabia to Russia, Rumania's coastline on the Black Sea has been reduced to little more than the delta of the Danube.

The Dobrudja area consists of fertile agricultural country, except where lagoons and marshes and sandy plains stretch in solitude. It is said that there are few parts of Europe inhabited by so many different races, and one of the

problems which Rumania desires to settle is the exchange of Bulgarians for Rumanians in the two parts of Dobrudja.

The announcement of the transfer explains to the ceded areas that the crops they have grown are theirs to harvest and that the Rumanian farmers may remove into the interior of Rumania all the property they do not immediately need.

Actually the Dobrudja was given to Bulgaria by the Treaty of Bucharest early in 1918, but by the final peace treaty this region was given to Rumania.

Japan Going the Wrong Way?

JAPAN has recalled 40 diplomatists from all parts of the world, though we are glad to say that this country will still keep Mr Shigemitsu.

It may be that the explanation of this surprising step is that the older and wiser representatives originally appointed by a stable and peace-loving Government are to make room for the younger hot-heads of the military parties which are now gaining control of Japanese policy. History has revealed more than

once how important as a safety valve is the ambassador when passions run high, and this country has owed much to the wisdom of America in her choice of the men she has sent to St James's.

Had Germany been wise enough to follow the advice of Prince Lichnowsky, her ambassador here in 1914, there would have been no Great War. How tragic, on the other hand, was the choice of the braggart Ribbentrop!

He Sailed to America Before Columbus

*I was a Viking bold
My deeds though manifold
No skald in song hath told
No saga taught thee. Longfellow*

A NEW reading of Longfellow's old ballad of the Viking who sailed to America and laid down his bones there has been supplied by the story of the Viking sword, axe, and shield found by Lake Nipigan, near Beardmore, Ontario.

The weapons were found by a prospector of Port Arthur after he had dynamited some tough birch tree roots near a vein of quartz. Among the rubble he found mysterious fragments of rusted iron,

which turned out to be a long sword in two pieces, part of an axe, and a shield. He tried to sell them, but nobody wanted them and they lay in his back yard for some years; then they came to the notice of the Ontario Museum, and have now been pronounced to be a veritable Viking sword, axe, and shield of some Viking chief of the year 1000 or thereabouts. He sailed to America by way of Hudson Bay, and came down the ancient route by Lake Superior to Lake Nipigan, where his people buried him in state with his weapons. He is one of the original European discoverers of America, long before Columbus.

Good News of the Weather?

An Italian weather expert has declared that it is unlikely that we shall have another cold winter for about 11 years. He finds this likelihood due to two causes—the cyclonic depression in the Mediterranean last June as a consequence of north-east winds from the Siberian Steppes, and the melting of icebergs last winter, which caused the temperature of air and water to fall much lower than usual.

THINGS SEEN

A hedgehog mothering a litter of motherless guinea pigs at Holme-on-Spalding Moor, Yorks.

A lovely Himalayan lily sprouting from a seed in London Docks.

An evacuee child putting a new farthing into a contribution box in her village.

News poster at Hyde Park Corner: *Nazi planes made in Germany, finished in England.*

Little News Reels

The Minister of Agriculture's Dig for Victory diploma has been given to Mr J. W. Sharp, a blind piano tuner of Urmston, Manchester, for having cultivated his allotment so well.

In a three weeks' camp at Evesham boys of Malvern College have picked about 500,000 pounds of plums.

Over 15,000 white cabbage butterflies were caught in a week by boys of Wimborne council school; the boy who captured 2925, the greatest number, got a prize.

South Australia, with the support of the National Tree Planters' Council, is planning to plant Trees of Tribute to the troops overseas.

The famous Wilton royal carpet factory is not to close down, after all.

The fire brigade at Farmworth, near Bolton, takes pigeons with it for conveying messages.

The King's Dirk for the best cadet at Dartmouth has been awarded to Midshipman Ralph Lawrence, of New Brunswick. It is the fourth time the dagger has gone to a Canadian.

Five tons of potatoes, 5000 cabbages, and hundredweights of vegetables have been grown by the boys of Rowland Hill School, Tottenham.

The 300th Y.M.C.A. mobile tea canteen broke the ceremonial tape held by the High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand at the Mansion House; it marked the millionth mile travelled by the war canteens.

A gold coin has been sold for £38; it was made in California during the 1852 gold rush.

We have reduced the types of loaves from 55 to 4.

We described the other day how a soldier threw a note to his mother from a train to say he was safe from Dunkirk; the mother now writes to say that she received the note from a young lady who picked it up.

Scarborough, a small town near New York, has offered to take care of 20 children from the Yorkshire Scarborough.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Hendon Guides are collecting 10,000 silver spoons to help the local fighter plane fund.

We hear that Miss Peggy Prince, who rescued an airman from the English Channel in her canoe, is Tawny Owl of the First Dymchurch Brownie Pack.

Guides and Rangers of Canterbury have equipped a big garage as a First Aid Post for the treatment of minor casualties; it is to be operated by day and night shifts.

Since the outbreak of war 53,000 Boy Scouts in the British Isles have gained their National Service Badge and over 25,000 hold the Civil Defence Badge.

The new headquarters of the Polish Boy Scouts in Warsaw, completed just before the invasion, is now occupied by the Gestapo.

A Cornish Sea Scout Group has completed 14 camouflage nets for the Army in one month; it has also collected and graded over 40 tons of waste paper, and has handed £100 to the Comforts Fund for the Services.

A lady at Eynsford (Mrs Bradshaw) has earned nearly £200 for the Eynsford Scouts in 20 years by turning old clothes into new ones.

KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS ARE BACK AGAIN

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Is it to be wondered at that beneath these sheltering wings a nation walks unafraid? We sit in the garden listening to the guns. We lie awake as the bombs explode. The children sing in the shelters. The schools adjourn to the cellars. A boy evacuated from Peckham jumps into the ditch with the soldiers and counts the Junkers as they crash—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. We take our lunch to the dugout. We keep old clothes about. We live with our gas mask at our side, and a biscuit or a bit of chocolate in our pocket. Children must never go far lest the siren sounds. If six hundred sandbags collapse outside our shelter we must set them up quickly again. We must beware of a shining light, and if a lost stranger should ask us the way we must be like the simple Yorkshireman who told the motorist that "if they had wanted that to get to Leeds they wouldn't ha' taken the signposts down."

Hardened by Disaster

The life that was once so peaceful has become strange and fitful, but there is no fear. Never were our people more confident that all is well. We have become accustomed to the humiliation of a world like this, to the degradation brought upon humanity, but the turn of the tide has lifted up the hearts of all. We know in Whom we have believed. We know on Whom we can rely. We know that the spirit that has

built up freedom through the ages has clothed itself with new forces, fortified by the highest powers of science, kindled to the white heat of courage by the spark of divinity in man; we know it and nothing can defeat us.

We have been hardened by disaster, and it cannot break us. We can be brought to tears, but it is not by fear. Ships may go down, troops may be imperilled, bombs may fall, Allies fall away, friends betray us, and our hearts are like a rock; but let somebody sing Swanee River, or Land of Hope and Glory, and a poignant flood of memory surges up, our hearts are full, and the thought of what has befallen the world is more than a man can bear. Yet where pathos moves us danger fails, for we are encompassed by a mighty cloud of heroes.

What Will History Say?

History, what will you say of all this? Bliss will it be to be alive when the pages are turned and the end of these things is before the eyes of men. It will be said that when the rock of human freedom seemed to be crumbling into dust, when pagan powers were threatening to engulf mankind, when nation after nation fell and Civilisation reeled in its grapple with the Beast, then there leapt into the heavens the flower of youth, earth's chosen heroes, sweeping through space like a purifying flame, and with its fearless courage and deathless purpose giving new life to men and a new empire to the human spirit.

Arthur Mee

Sir Oliver Knows the Great Secret

THE worlds of science and fine thought are both poorer for the passing of Sir Oliver Lodge, who had nearly reached the great age of 90.

It is true that in his old age he was attracted by the showmanship of what is called Spiritualism but should rather be called Conjuring, yet in his greater days he was one of the world's great discoverers and pioneers. He had a system of dispelling fog, he taught us much about the ether, and out of his study of radiation came his first big contribution to the practical life of the world, for he devised the coherer which made wireless commercially successful, and on which Marconi built up his own inventions.

He Stooped to Conquer

One of our contributors remembers meeting Sir Oliver long ago when he was delivering the Christmas lectures to young people at the Royal Institution. His subject was the telegraph and the telephone, and never did children at these lectures listen more intently. He was so wonderfully clear, and so resolute to make himself understood. He stooped to conquer. After one lecture, describing how a telegraph wire could take two messages going opposite ways at once, one of his audience wrote to say it was not clear enough, and Sir Oliver was at pains in the following lecture to start again at the beginning. In the last lecture our correspondent heard him deliver he spoke of life after death, saying that, as there was no break between the mineral, vegetable and animal worlds, so there was continuity between life now and life in the world to come. He knows that great secret now.

A C.N. friend who spends much of his time at Luxetypet in the Nizam's Dominions, India, sends us this memory of Sir Oliver Lodge, the good Sir Oliver, as he calls him truly enough.

Sir Oliver once went to the Mediterranean to see an eclipse of the sun, and on the same steamer were several girls and boys, to whom he gave a little talk about eclipses, reminding them that there is always an eclipse of the sun somewhere in space, the moon is perpetually causing a shadow somewhere, though it only rarely falls upon the earth.

After the eclipse was over Sir Oliver suggested to us all that an illuminated address should be presented to the captain, who had taken a great deal of pains to navigate the ship to the line of maximum totality at the right moment.

A Don Quixote

The address was prepared on a huge sheet of cardboard, and was presented by Sir Oliver Lodge in the dining-saloon. The captain was a fine sailor but no orator, and when the time came to speak he was trembling and inarticulate, and pleaded that he had never made a speech in his life. "Now's the time to begin!" cried Sir Oliver, and as the nervous captain was trying haltingly to say a few words of grateful appreciation his embarrassment was still further increased by the unwieldy cardboard address becoming involved with one of the whirling electric fans. Sir Oliver came to the rescue. "Don Quixote and the windmill," he gaily cried, and everyone laughed, the discomfited captain found confidence, and his little speech came to a successful conclusion.

BRITAIN DELIVERS THE GOODS

A Bradford textile manufacturer is brightening his boxes and bales with a stencilled Union Jack above the words, **BRITAIN DELIVERS THE GOODS**. It is true. Bombs and torpedoes may be aimed at our ships, but they sail on to their ports and deliver their cargoes.

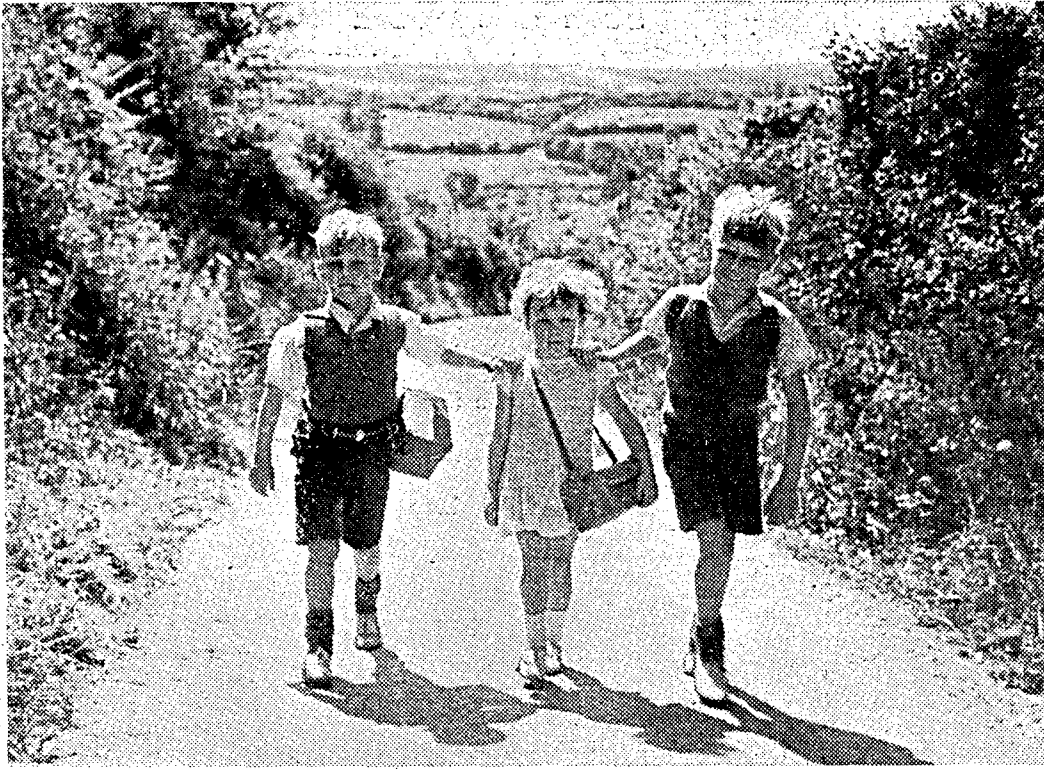
A PLEA FOR PICKLE

It is now illegal to waste food, and waste not only means throwing away food but failing to take care of it.

Therefore, says an authority, why not revive the art of Home Pickling? So many people now have vegetable gardens and many wonder what to do with all their produce. The suggestion is that pickling may serve in such cases to prevent waste.

The simplest way to pickle is to soak the food in cold strong wine vinegar; one has only to put the vinegar and food into a well-closed jar. The vegetables should be fresh and clean. This serves for soft vegetables; hard vegetables, such as onions and cauliflowers, need to be prepared by soaking in brine for a few days before bottling with hot vinegar or vinegar and spice. Glass bottles only should be used; earthenware glaze is dissolved by vinegar.

IN A DEVON LANE



A happy little family of evacuees from London

A SHOPMAN HAS AN IDEA

If all salvage collectors were as successful as a London fruiterer whose shop we saw the other day, there would be very little waste in our midst.

He had capacious receptacles for each of the following articles:

Old silk stockings, rags, metal capsules, cardboard, brass, iron, aluminium, bottles and jars, and (strangest hoard of all piles of spent matches.

The collection, made daily, is a big one, brought by people of goodwill from homes afar, with the motto Every little helps!

GRIZZLY IN THE LARDER

Mr W. Stork, a trapper of White Swan Lake, British Columbia, has recently had an experience which makes him think that a grizzly bear may be fierce when cornered in its own forests, but that when faced in a larder it will run.

He was returning to his cabin soon after dark and saw the front door open. He peeped in and, with the aid of a torch, saw a grizzly in the larder. When the bear saw the trapper he made for the nearest way out—through the window, with the window-frame round his neck.

The Tale of a Tip

NOT long ago an old gentleman went to stay at a popular hotel on Lake Michigan, and his first meal created a stir, for he left a penny as a tip. All the waitresses were furious, except Mary, and the next morning when the old gentleman came down to breakfast all but Mary looked at him with scorn. Mary took his order, and when he had gone found another penny tip.

For weeks the old gentleman stayed at the hotel, and Mary would always bring his meals, his tip being invariably a penny. Mary saved them.

One day he told her he was going home, and thanked Mary for her kindness.

"Do you know how many pennies I have given you?" he asked. Mary did; there were 103. The old gentleman took out his cheque-book and wrote a cheque for 103 dollars. "This is for you," he said, "and thank you."

THE DAMAGE

An air raid warden in a South-East town thus reported to a control centre the damage caused by a falling cannon shell:

Damage caused to one vegetable marrow and three runner beans.

KIND MR SCARECROW

There can be few people who still believe that a bird is frightened by a scarecrow; it is no more upsetting to a bird than Dr Goebbels's lies are to an Englishman or a Scotsman. But it is delightful news that a bird's nest has lately been found on a scarecrow. The coat of the scarecrow was a fox, and this the birds filled with moss to save the fledglings from the violence of the winds.

A WORD TO THE SAVINGS COMMITTEE

The National Savings Certificates are a very popular form of investment, but at present no one can hold more than £500 worth. It is suggested that war saving would be helped enormously if the Treasury allowed each individual to hold 1000 or even more. Why not? Savings are not coming in fast enough and nothing should be done by way of discouragement.

And why is the Half-Crown Savings Stamp, an admirable idea, restricted only to Savings Groups? There are plenty of people who cannot belong to groups but would gladly buy these stamps as a good way of saving odd half-crowns.

NO MORE CREAM

The No More Cream order recalls the dictum, "All should have bread before anyone has cake." The order is to come into force on October 1.

The object is to conserve milk supplies and to use them for the manufacture of essential dairy produce. The milk saved, 70,000,000 gallons a year, is to be diverted to more useful purposes.

THE MAN WHO KNEW HIMSELF

A Yorkshire motorist, finding himself lost in a maze of country lanes from which all the signposts had been removed, stopped a native and asked to be put on his way. The man stolidly refused until he had examined the traveller's identity card and put him under an exhaustive examination regarding the purpose of his journey. When he had finished the motorist remarked: "Don't you think, I ought to examine your identity card?"

"Oh, no you don't!" the countryman answered. "You see, oi knows who oi be."

Strange Cargoes

What queer cargoes are in some of the ships captured by the Navy!

One of the strangest-sounding lots recently offered on behalf of the Admiralty was 29 barrels containing 8000 'pickled sheep pelts,' taken from two German ships. They were the skins of sheep with the wool removed, and were intended to be made into parchment.

Writers during the ages have used the skins of most domestic animals as writing material, even those of cattle, pigs, and donkeys, whose hides, generally reserved for bindings, have been employed for the leaves of account books and others destined for rough usage.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Earth up celery when the soil is dry. Draw a little earth to the roots of leeks, and encourage growth in cauliflowers by stirring the soil. Prepare ground for strawberries and plant them as soon as possible. Proceed with the propagation of hardy border plants, such as iberis, helianthus, and phloxes, by taking the side-growths and putting them in sandy soil in a cold frame.

The Spirit of a Boy

We have received this copy of a letter written in the country by an evacuee from Peckham, after an air raid. It shows the spirit of an English boy in these days of peril.

DEAR BERNARD, Just a note to let you know I am still here.

There has been a huge convoy going about today. In the morning they went about 9, and at about 7.30 the convoy was at the end of the road, so N & I went to see the chaps up there. Suddenly there was a drone of aero engines and a loud bang, and we looked up and saw about 100 gerries planes overhead; we saw them go away towards London, then the siren went, and then came the fun.

Out went our fighters and broke them up. Then A A fire started, and a few minutes later we saw a gerry twirling round and round and dive in the ground. Then another and another till about 6 or 7 were down; the last one we saw the crew bail out by parachute and descend.

Boy, what a dog fight; talk about show old Nasti up! We sheltered in a ditch with some soldiers.

Best wishes, and get better and come down on Sunday.

P.S. Excuse writing in a hurry.

Love, GEORGE.

TO MARGARET

The Margarets of England (all those in England with the name Margaret) are appealed to by the Y M C A on behalf of the Margarets Fund to assist in providing comforts for the welfare of the Forces.

The contribution list was headed on her tenth birthday by Princess Margaret Rose. Many subscriptions have been received from children who are proud to bear her name.

The first Mobile Canteen purchased from the Princess Margaret Fund was handed over on Princess Margaret's birthday.

A LANDMARK

It is a landmark in our industrial history that the war has set up a National Arbitration Tribunal, which has actually begun work. The first case to be heard was a claim by printers for a bonus to cover the increased cost of living caused by the war.

The right to strike has been suspended, and industry is not to be held up during the war by cessation of work. It is of extreme interest and importance that the experiment should be made.

Caught By the Rising Tide

ON Bantry Bay it is quite a common sight to see the cows going for a bathe; in fact, every day at low tide they wade across the shallow river channel on to the sandbanks, where they can bathe without being disturbed by flies.

They stay there until the tide has covered their legs, and as the river channel is then too deep to wade they have to swim. It is amusing to watch the efforts of the calves, especially; having shorter legs, they have farther to swim!

But one day, when we were out in the boat just before high tide, a CN reader writes to tell us, we noticed half a dozen chickens on a

strip of beach, cut off from the land by an overhanging cliff and surrounded by the rising tide. We stood by in case they needed rescuing. As the tide rose higher and higher they retreated farther up the beach, until eventually they were perched on top of a great boulder. The tide rose still higher, covering the boulder, and then gradually creeping up their legs. Just as the water reached their feathers, one by one the fowls pushed off the boulder into deep water, and slowly and solemnly flapped their way along the shore, out of their depth, until they reached a safer part of the beach.

Rescued From the Scrap Heap

NOT all the paper found in the lumber-rooms up and down the land finds its way to the pulp merchant. Some very valuable documents are turning up, thanks to the experts who are examining lawyers' accumulations before they are sold as waste.

One of these precious pieces has now found a permanent and honoured home in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, having last been recorded as seen by the 17th century antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, collecting materials for his great work on his native Warwickshire. The document is a deed of the

12th century by which William de Mandeville makes a grant to his brother Ernulph, of Kingham in Oxfordshire. Dugdale copied it, and when, 50 years ago, Dr John Horace Round was writing his famous life of Geoffrey de Mandeville, the richest and most powerful noble of King Stephen's reign, he had to rely on this transcript because the original was missing.

The deed is of special interest to students of the language used in this country at the time it was written, for it is the first legal document known to have been written in French instead of the usual Latin.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



LET US SING

WE were asking a few weeks ago that the bands should play in the streets; now they are being heard in the squares and parks.

A few days ago we joined with thousands of men and women as they lifted up their hearts and voices in a great hall. The organ pealed, and young and old sang well-loved hymns. No one went away without feeling cheered.

One morning an errand-boy sang merrily as he passed our window. His song was a catchy refrain from a popular film, and he sang so carelessly and happily that it did our heart good to hear him. He did not know we were listening, and he did not dream (any more than Pippa dreamed in passing) that he was preaching the gospel of encouragement.

Surely, of all times, wartime is the time to sing. Singing does us all good. It was William Byrd of long ago who said:

*Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.*

He was right then and he is right now. Sing on the way to Victory.

The BBC Signal

THE best thing that can be said of the new BBC signal is that it does sound something like B B C. For the rest it has no dignity or repose. It is astounding to ordinary folk that there is any difficulty in this simple matter.

Why not give up the hopeless quest and substitute the four last notes of God Save the King?

CAMP WASTE

A HOUSEWIFE writes that her son is helping on a farm where the pigs benefit from the refuse of a military camp. He is aghast at the terrible wastage of good food, such as pounds of good potatoes, bread, and so on, and recently even margarine or butter. How is it possible (his mother asks) for housewives to appreciate the urgency of saving food when they hear on all sides of camp wastage?

THE BEAST

THE Number of the Beast, we are told in Revelation, is 666:

Let him that hath understanding count the number of the Beast, for it is the number of a man.

One of our readers in Northern Ireland writes to point out that by taking the letters of the alphabet and putting 100 opposite A, 101 opposite B, and so on, the mysterious number of the Beast is arrived at by adding up H I T L E R.

John Tyndall's Nest

THE passing of Mrs Tyndall, to which we referred last week, has recalled to a correspondent a meeting with the Tyndalls.

The Tyndalls lived then in a house on the slope of Hindhead, which at that time was all heather, with only a few houses between theirs and Haslemere. When they went there hardly another house was in sight, but another was built just below and overlooking Professor Tyndall's garden, where, in his own words, he liked to stroll by himself "mooing my science."

So much was he disturbed that he raised a screen of pine boughs and heather to shut out the intruders on his meditations: for he was much aggrieved. "When my wife and I came here," he said, "we were poor, but we raised this home for ourselves like a pair of sparrows building their nest twig by twig."

The Cause Not the Cask

A RECENT broadcast gave the impression in some quarters, we have reason to know, that our airmen are given stimulants when about to engage in combat.

A pilot who has fought through some of the most terrible of the air battles assures us that such an idea is completely false. Many RAF pilots are total abstainers; those who are not refrain from the use of alcohol in any form for at least five or six hours before taking the air.

If within that period a man were known to have taken so much as a shandygaff he would not be allowed to fly.

It is the cause, not the cask, that inspires our pilots.

OPPORTUNITY WAS BORN IN TROUBLE

OF course, we live in very hard times. Rich and poor, young and old, all feel the strain of these days.

Many are poorer because of the war, and even those who are richer must go without the pleasures they once enjoyed, while some of them, carrying heavy burdens and working long hours, have difficulty in adapting themselves to different conditions.

At such a time there comes to mind an old proverb which says that Opportunity was born in trouble.

We may well keep it in mind. Our troubles are many, but they bring opportunities. Difficulties and dangers have united us as never before, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the war has made possible achievements which will greatly enrich our peace when it comes. It is possible that out of all the difficulties we are now facing will come better trade, greater security for all nations, a new step towards world-brotherhood, and more glorious opportunities than have existed for generations. In war we have opportunities of serving each other in neighbourly fashion, of showing kindness and consideration, of being brave and patient and gay in spirit, of keeping tight hold on our faith. Tragic though the days are, they are glorious days to live in, for they are crowded with opportunities for everybody of doing good and useful service.

Let us remember that Opportunity is born in trouble, and be glad that within us lies the precious power of transforming the worst into the best.

Early in the Morning

By the Pilgrim

"WE have been turning out some of our waste paper," we explained to the dustman, who was carrying a sack of it away.

"Very good, sir," he replied. "It would be a good thing if everybody would do their duty in this way. So many folk, sir, don't know yet how serious things are. Why, I don't pretend to be religious, but there's never a morning when I'm not on my knees at four, asking God to help us, and to give us strength for the day."

We thought it odd that a dustman should talk like this, but we were still more impressed when the same day we talked with a postman, who said: "I believe that our prayers alone can bring us through. That's why every morning about five I turn into a church I pass on my way to work, and kneel down and say a little prayer."

We felt that Hitler will have a hopeless task to beat a nation on its knees.

JUST AN IDEA

Somebody says the hurts of childhood live on; in one form or other they are there to the end.

Men of Aden



These picturesque figures are typical local rulers of the Gulf of Aden region. They are standing side by side with the British Empire in its fight for Freedom.

Russia Goes to Sea

By her absorption of the three Baltic States Russia has added 800 miles of coast to her frontiers, and, what is more important, has acquired the services of some seafaring men who are famous wherever ships can sail.

Latvia with 100 ships totalling 190,000 tons, and Estonia with 278 ships of a little less tonnage, should prove no small addition to the Russian Merchant Marine, which mustered but 716 vessels of 1,315,000 tons last summer. The seizure of Bessarabia has added another 60 miles to Russia's Black Sea littoral, the most busy region for her commerce.

Yet in summer the eyes of the Russians turn with more and more interest to that vast stretch of coast which faces the Arctic, and are fascinated with the progress trade is making in waters fed by three of the longest rivers in the

world—the Ob (3200 miles), the Lena, and the Yenesei (each 2800 miles), not to mention others hundreds of miles long.

This year over 100 ships are plying on this Northern Sea Route, showing a marked increase in return freights and interport shipments. Coal is the new and increasing factor in their success. Not only does the whole fleet run on Arctic coal, but coal now takes the place of the ballast formerly necessary on many sections of a round trip. The main sources of the coal are the Sangara mines on the Lena, the Norilsk mines on the Yenesei, and the Ziryansk mines on the Kolyma River, which drains country actually farther east than Japan.

The Arctic season is very brief, but with the development of the Siberian coal-mines it promises to become a very busy one.

Sun, Sky, and Kit

The Sun, the Sky, and Kit. By Dorothy Fisk. Faber & Faber, 8s 6d.

ROBERT CHRISTOPHER is fortunate indeed in having Dorothy Fisk as his mother, for, as the C N has said before, there are few writers who explain things better.

Kit, as he is called at home, is the engaging 12-year-old whose questions (Is it going to be fine?—and Why?) are solved for him and every other boy, girl, or grown-up who reads this new book on the weather. It is written by an old young friend of ours who learned to love the world about her and the simple tongue we speak in the Children's Encyclopedia.

We must pay tribute to the clear way in which the complicated origins of our English weather are here explained. Here is the magic touch which the spell-binders of olden days used so deftly to take

their hearers with them into the heart of mysteries, and here, too, the author does not refuse the modern magician's carpet (the sky-rocket) to pay a visit of scientific exploration to the moon.

Flying of a more possible kind occupies many pages, and we confess that nowhere have we read a clearer explanation of the mysteries of the glider.

The nature of the clouds, the causes of the gentle zephyr and the terrifying typhoon, the beauty of the rainbow, and every other mysterious happening in the restless covering of air in which the earth is wrapped are explained in this book. With its maps and diagrams and drawings of weather instruments, and with just enough scientific detail to enlighten without confusing, the book is ideal for home or school.

Under the Editor's Table

LONDON Children for Australia, says a news heading. And Australia is for us.

RUSSIA is having a big air display. Must have got the wind up.

HITLER soon won't have an air force left, says an American. That will be all right.

THE motorist who makes a noise when he changes gear should change his habit.

A SPEAKER says every mine should belong to the nation. Then it would be ours.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If we win the war do we keep it

WHEN people discuss the war their hearts beat harder than usual, says a doctor. In the end they will beat the enemy.

FOR many years there have been no apprentices to saddle-making. Yet it seems to be just the trade for boys who want to get on.

ALL scraps should be saved. Except those we have with the enemy.

A BED has been invented which provides warmth in winter and coolness in summer. There must be something in it.

Truro Cathedral, towering above the roofs of the old Cornish city, was begun in 1860. It is built largely of local granite, and has three fine towers, the central steeple being 200 feet high.

JUPITER AND SATURN SIDE BY SIDE In the Constellation of the Ram

THE two great worlds of Jupiter and Saturn will continue to be the objects of greatest interest in the late evenings, writes the C.N. Astronomer, particularly as the Moon will be so much in evidence during the latter part of the next fortnight that only the brighter stars will be discernible.

Jupiter and Saturn will be readily identified low in the east soon after 9 o'clock, appearing very near together, with Saturn below the much brighter Jupiter; actually Saturn is nearly twice as far away as Jupiter. According to the ancient Greeks Saturn was the father of the great Jupiter; and, curiously enough, this mythological relationship was singularly apt, for according to either of the modern explanations of the probable birth of these planets, the Nebula or Tidal theories, Saturn would have come into existence long ages before Jupiter.

We shall see them side by side for many months to come, and in low telescope powers they may be seen together in the same field of view. Jupiter's sphere appearing nearly twice the width of Saturn's. On the evening of Friday, September 20, the nearness of the gibbous Moon will add to the impressiveness of the scene, though greatly dimming the lustre of the planets; but seen through the low powers, or "comet" eyepiece, of a telescope, they should provide a superb spectacle. Then Jupiter will appear as if he would fit nicely into some of the Moon's craters, though actually Jupiter is 40 times the width of the Moon.

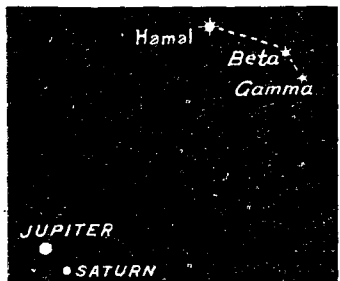
The Golden Fleece

What a grand sight he would present were he as near as the Moon, speeding round on his axis once in every 9 hours and 50 minutes, and everlasting change taking place on his surface all the time. How very different from our little Moon.

Jupiter and Saturn are now passing through the first constellation of the Zodiac, Aries, the Ram of legendary lore associated with the

Golden Fleece. Its three chief stars, Hamal, Beta, and Gamma, may be easily identified some way above the planets.

Hamal, a name of Arabic origin meaning sheep, is a second-magnitude star situated in the Forehead of the Ram. It is also known as Alpha Arietis, and is a great sun about twice the size of Sirius but very much farther off. Hamal radiates about 50 times more light and heat than our Sun, but from a



Jupiter and Saturn in relation to the chief stars of Aries

distance 4,810,000 times farther away; compared with this Jupiter is 4½ times farther than the Sun and Saturn less than 9.

Beta in Aries is about 3,290,000 times farther away than our Sun and composed of two suns which together radiate about 18 times more light and heat, and thus give us some idea of their proportionate size. They average 29 million miles apart and revolve round a common centre of gravity in 107 days, their orbits thus resembling that of Mercury round our Sun both in period and dimension.

Gamma in Aries is also composed of two stars, but they are at an immense distance from us and probably seen only in the line-of-sight as they appear so far apart and present no evidence of orbital revolution. Beta is therefore the nearest of these suns to us, and to Jupiter and Saturn, but how immense is the span between Saturn and Beta! Yet it appears so small to the eye. G. F. M.

Our Pasteur

UNTIL she passed the other day few people beyond her own circle of friends knew that the widow of John Tyndall was among us. Perhaps few of our younger generation know much about Tyndall himself, yet we owe much of our very food to this man who, having been a railway engineer, laboratory chemist, and teacher of physics, became famous as a climber of the Alps and our leading authority on glaciers.

While experimenting on radioactivity and the absorption and discharge of heat by various gases, Tyndall found that if he purified air of germs and other particles a luminous beam, passed through his test tube, became invisible.

This taught him that the apparent blue of the sky is due to excessively fine particles in the atmosphere, but it also revealed to him in a flash that if foods and fluids

could be preserved in an atmosphere free from microbes they would remain fresh and good indefinitely.

He tried to kill his atmospheric germs by boiling, only to find that some of them resisted intense heat applied for hours at a time.

Protracted experiment at last revealed to him that success could be attained by discontinuous heating—by boiling, cooling, and re-boiling, a succession of processes that left food and fluid absolutely free of harmful germs and therefore capable of being kept in good condition for years together.

The grand old lady of Hindhead who has just died at the age of 93 saw those experiments carried through to triumph. She has died when food preservation is of vital importance, knowing that, thanks to the researches of her dear John, we could eat our iron rations safely and escape hunger.

In a Lightning Flash

IN one flash of lightning more power is concentrated than any electric power station in the world can command, and it is sometimes put as high as 10,000 million electric volts. But this figure does not satisfy the engineers of the Westinghouse Electric Company, who have been making daring experiments for some time past from a high tower where they attempt to catch and calculate the lightning flash. Most of these experiments have the

practical aim of finding the best kind of insulation to protect overhead electric cables during thunderstorms; but one curious calculation has come out of them. The duration of a lightning stroke in its passage from the thundercloud to the earth is about a fiftieth of a second; but if it could be safely bottled up it would keep a 100-watt lamp alight for three minutes. Some day we may be able to bottle electricity from the thundercloud.

Old Man River

Mr Winston Churchill's happy reference to the Mississippi rolling along awakened a very sympathetic echo in the hearts of good Americans, where Old Man River is a cherished possession.

Its very faults and transgressions are forgotten in contemplation of its size and power, and the 4502 miles of the combined Missouri and Mississippi make it the longest river system in the world. A recent survey has been made of the Upper Mississippi, between Missouri and Minneapolis in Minnesota. There are 659 miles of this upper river, which has at last been completely dredged, so as to afford a constant low water level 9 feet deep. There are 25 gates or locks and dams, and down the stream come fleets of barges now bearing each year two and a half million tons of coal, petrol, steel, and grain.

The completed work is as big a source of pride to the engineers as the river is to the American citizen.

RUMOUR IS A LYING JADE

From a Correspondent

We happened to be travelling in the same compartment as the rather large lady. She did not address her remarks to us, but talked volubly to another woman who sat facing her.

"Oh yes," she declared, "things are terribly serious there."

She mentioned by name an east coast town, and then went on: "Yes, they have scores of guns on the pier, and there are battleships in the bay, and they say there is an electric wire round all the houses—to give the Germans a shock when they come, of course. There are at least ten thousand infantry..."

So she went on.

Presently she became aware of our presence, and asked point-blank where we were going. We told her we were returning, after one day's absence, to the east coast town she had been talking about, and we mentioned that although we lived there we were quite unaware of anything she had described so vividly.

For the rest of the journey the large lady was singularly quiet.

All Cornwall in One Volume

Arthur Mee's Cornwall. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s 6d.

Arthur Mee, well-known and beloved editor of many inimitable children's books, has just produced a book of Cornwall, in which he has collected all the fascinating legends and historical gems that bejewel the name of Cornwall.

Never before have these treasures of information been so exhaustively mined, never so lovingly coerced from half-shadow into light. For those unfortunate people who are destined never to see "the end of England" Arthur Mee has created a dream country so powerfully redolent of the spirit of Cornwall that every reader may close the book saying with truth, "I know and love Cornwall."

Royal Cornwall Gazette

A COUNTRY MAKES ITS OWN RUBBER

So successful has the manufacture of synthetic rubber become in the United States that it is now claimed that, should it become necessary, the entire needs of the nation could be made by chemists at home.

The Goodrich Tyre Company use very large quantities of their synthetic rubber in combination with the natural substance, and increasing quantities are being made by the Standard Oil Company. Man-made rubber is in every way as good today as the natural article.

Cuba Begins a New Era

WITH the breaking down of so many constitutions in Europe, it is good to learn of a new one which reveals real progress, and a great faith in democracy. Cuba has drawn up a democratic Constitution which comes into force on September 15.

The biggest of the West Indian islands, Cuba has an area of 44,160 square miles, with a population of four millions. Discovered by Columbus, Cuba remained Spanish until it revolted at the end of last century, and was aided by American forces in securing its independence. So Cuba began this century with a Constitution modelled on America's, and America has naturally taken a deep interest in the island, for it conducts three-quarters of its trade with its big neighbour.

The world depression affected the island severely and there were revolutions and government by dictators and military juntas. Conditions have settled down in the last few years and an Assembly was convened to thrash out a new Constitution.

This provides for a Senate of 54 members elected for six years, a House of Representatives of about 120, half being elected every two years, a President (who must not be connected with the armed forces) elected for four years by direct vote, and a Cabinet which must have half its members in Congress and its Premier removable by the vote of the House of Representatives.

Altogether the Constitution contains 318 articles, and some of them have a special interest in the political thought of today.

It is forbidden, for example, to organise political parties opposed to the democratic form of government, or to dismiss public employees for political reasons. No Government may grant naval bases to any foreign power or in any other way impair the sovereignty of the State.

Very wide powers over industry, commerce, and agriculture have been granted to the State with a view to the dividing of big estates among small farmers. Coloured people (who are about one-third of the population) will have equal rights with the whites, and men and women will receive equal pay for equal work. Every worker, too, will be entitled to a 44-hour week and a month's paid holiday every year. There are provisions for fair trials, and capital punishment has been abolished except for treason in wartime.

It is a good thing, also, to find that the people of Cuba are not forgetting those measures of insurance against sickness, accident, and old age which our own country has proved so helpful in good days as well as in bad.

There will be countries in Europe as well as in America who will be watching the working out of the Cuba Constitution, and we sincerely hope that it will bring more prosperity and renewed hopes to this country so rich in the fruits of the earth.

How to Tackle Tedious Work

OFTEN in life we find ourselves compelled to tackle tedious tasks, in which the quantity of work to be performed is depressing to the mind. Cutting down weeds in a big field is a case in point.

Faced with, let us say, a few acres of yellow ragwort which must be cut, we find a forbidding task greatly helped by dividing the area into sections. Begin by cutting a swathe through the centre both ways, forming a cross. Then sub-divide in the same way the sections thus formed. The job is now to get rid of sixteen patches of the weed.

This resolving of the big job into little jobs is a great encourage-

ment to the mind and body. We attack section after section, feeling that we are making splendid progress. If there are two or more at work a healthy emulation is set up, and what was a big and depressing job becomes a pleasure.

So it is with many other mass jobs. Divided, they appear and really become manageable, the fractions measuring our progress as we dispose of them.

In planning the King's England books, with ten thousand towns and villages to describe, the Editor found the idea almost appalling ten years ago; but, dividing it into forty counties, it seemed manageable and is now nearly complete.

The Windows of an Inn

WHEN the little band of workers who helped to make the Editor's book on Lancashire visited Westhoughton, near Bolton, in the heart of the Lancashire coalfield, they saw the pub-house known as the Waggon and Horses being reconstructed. It is now finished, and is one of the most unusual places of its kind in the country. In its windows is a panorama of local history in stained glass. The smoke-room windows illustrate the arrival of the Scots Greys to quell a riot in 1812. At the entrance are

two windows showing the lighting of the beacon on Rivington Pike at the approach of the Spanish Armada. The arrival of Prince Charlie after his flight from Manchester in the 1745 rebellion and the Civil War battle of Westhoughton Common are also illustrated.

Westhoughton's famous story of the farmer who sawed off a cow's head to set it free from its entanglement in the five-barred gate is a local jest, but it is here in a window, to show that the place has a sense of humour.

Finger-prints For All

A DAY may come when we shall all have our finger-prints on our identity cards, and it seems to be coming nearer in the United States. There the finger-prints of aliens are being registered, and now those of all radio operators are to be taken, so that if any unauthorised person tampers with a wireless transmitter the fact can be ascertained from the finger-prints left on the keys.

Other uses for finger-prints have been found for Savings Bank accounts. The Savings Books have

the finger-prints of the owners and that of the official of the office where it was issued. In these prints only those of three fingers are taken, and to avoid the smudginess of ink are transferred to the book after the fingers have been dipped into a grey chemical paste. One other special finger-print is that of an official in the U.S. passport department who seals with his own finger the passports for Americans in Europe. There is also talk of introducing finger-prints into schools.

A SLAVE NO MAN COULD BIND

EPICETUS was the slave who taught the liberty of the soul,

*That halting slave who in
"Nicopolis"*

*Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's
brutal son*

*Cleaved Rome of what most
shamed him.*

These lines sum up all that is actually known of the facts of the life of Epictetus, the slave philosopher born in Phrygia, who taught in Rome 2000 years ago in the reign of Domitian, the last and worst of the Caesars. An epitaph, written probably by his friends but sometimes attributed to himself, words it differently:

*Epictetus was my name. I was
a slave and lame, poor as I was
and, with all that, dear to the
immortals.*

Irus was a beggar of Ithaca in the house of Penelope. He it was who used to take messages for the suitors, and "As poor as Irus" was a Greek saying.

In Epictetus the lofty ethics of the Stoic philosophy found their noblest expression, and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, when giving a list of those to whom he owes most, heads it with the name of his master Rusticus, and sums up his debt to him in the conclusion, "He gave me his own copy of the Memoirs of Epictetus."

Epictetus lived under the Emperors Domitian and Trajan. He came to Rome, where he was slave to one Epaphroditus, believed to have been a freedman of Nero. His master was flattering to his superiors and harsh to his slaves. But this lame slave was able to attend the lectures of Musonius Rufus, a celebrated Stoic philosopher by whom he was

profoundly influenced, and after he had attained his freedom preached the Stoic doctrine in the streets of Rome. In the first century before Christ the most intelligent of Roman citizens took a lively interest in the systems of Greek philosophy. Of these Stoicism was the most popular.

It taught simplicity of manners, resignation in the face of misfortune, calm in all the vicissitudes of life. The freedom of the soul which summed up its highest aim found partial expression in the lines of Horace, which applaud "the man of firm and righteous will who scorned to blench before the tyrant's threats." This was an assertion of an independent spirit fiercely resented by Roman Emperors. More than one decree was issued against the teachers of such philosophy, and the zeal of Epictetus had perhaps outrun his discretion when all philosophers were banished from Rome by Domitian.

Arrian the Disciple

Epictetus established himself at Nicopolis in Epirus. Among his disciples was Arrian. More industrious or more devoted than his fellows, Arrian was not content in committing the master's precepts to memory; he wrote out his notes of the talks of Epictetus to his scholars. In one of them is a personal allusion by Epictetus to Nicopolis as his place of residence, and to the frequent earthquakes that occurred there.

He was well known, his fame spread wide. High officials embarking for Italy came to visit him; he was sought out by the colonists who came for advice or letters of recommendation to persons in Rome, showing that

his word carried weight among influential people there.

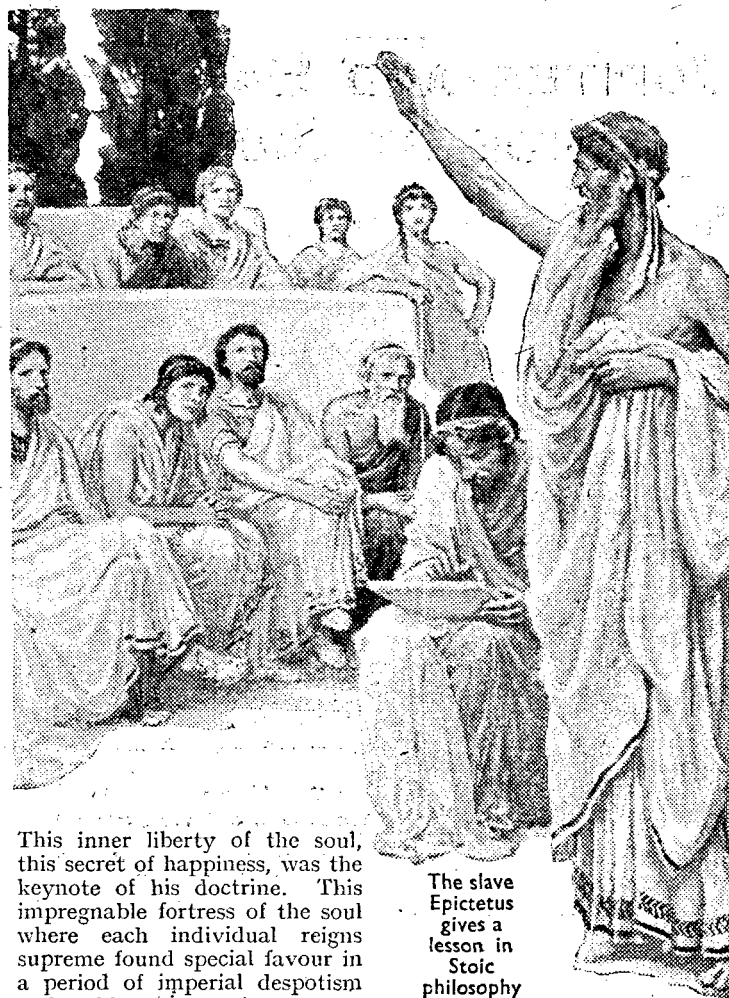
A Roman contemporary records that when Epictetus dwelled in Rome before his exile his house had no need for a door, for it contained nothing but a straw mattress which served him for a bed. He died before Marcus Aurelius became Emperor, and was known to him only by the writings of his faithful pupil. But the high opinion the emperor had of the philosopher is proved by the way he bracketed him with Socrates in the exclamation, "How many a Socrates and Epictetus have sunk in the Gulf of Time!"

He most probably died an old man in the first part of the reign of Hadrian. Occupied solely with imparting his doctrine to the disciples who surrounded him, he never took the trouble to seek for personal fame, and but for the intelligent and pious industry of Arrian all his teachings would have been for ever lost. But it would have been a solace to one of his philosophy, if he had needed it, that though name and fame might vanish his teaching lives for ever.

It finds no better example than in this passage:

*Dare to look up to God and say,
Deal with me for the future as
Thou wilt, I am of the same mind
as Thou art. I am Thine. I
refuse nothing that pleases Thee;
lead me where Thou wilt, clothe
me in any dress Thou chooseth.
Is it Thy will that I shall hold the
office of a magistrate, that I should
be in the condition of a Freedman,
stay here, or be an exile, be poor,
be rich? I will make Thy defence
to men on behalf of all these
conditions.*

The hearers of those words knew they were no vain boast.



The slave
Epictetus
gives a
lesson in
Stoic
philosophy

Who will look after me?

God and your friends.

But I shall be on a hard bed.

At least you will have a bed.

I shall be in a comfortless house.

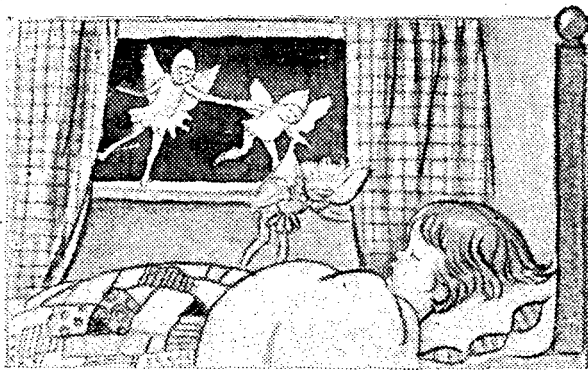
Well, you will be ill there.

And how may this illness end?

Perhaps by death; it is that which puts an end to all evils; it is not death of which one must be afraid, but the fear of death.

Therein the master spoke and disclosed his own indomitable soul.

BEDTIME CORNER



SLEEP, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches the sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree
And down comes a little dream on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

A LION on the lookout for prey heard a strange noise that frightened him. As he stood expecting to see some terrible creature appear and attack him, we can guess his surprise and shame when at last a tiny frog crawled out croaking from the edge of a pond.

We are often afraid without cause.

CAN you spell a girl's name with these letters? DNIE
End

WE thank Thee, Father, for the comfort and peace we enjoy by our cosy fire, for our toys and books, for music which fills our minds with lovely thoughts. As we have so many things to make us happy, help us to cheer other children by sharing what we have with any who are sad or lonely.
Amen

Can We Make Ourselves Clever?

THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

Boy. I want to ask you, after our talk about Fitness, if it is possible to make the mind grow, as muscles grow, by being used. Can we make ourselves Clever as we can make ourselves Fit?

Man. Indeed we can. A really fit man is one who has kept his body healthy and strong and his mind trained to match his body.

Boy. But can we really exercise our minds?

Man. The answer is that we cannot help submitting our minds to training, good or bad. Consciously or unconsciously, our brain becomes educated, and what we must do, if we want to possess a true self-respect and fitness for life, is to make sure that we use the right exercises.

Boy. What are these exercises?

Man. First comes the education of our nerves to control our bodies. If we exercise our bodies with intelligence our nerves get into good shape. The brain sends its orders without hesitation and the hand becomes firm and deft. Think of the fiddler's marvellous control of his fingers; mind and body working in such harmony that miraculous beauty is created. Or think of the batsman timing the ball and placing it with consummate skill. You can think for yourself of a thousand instances of such trained use of mind.

Boy. Yes, but the power seems to vary so much with different people.

Man. Truly. For some inexplicable reason, certain people have

nerves capable of finer perception than most of us possess; but the average brain is a wonder, and in almost every case susceptible of training for good purpose. There are few real duffers; all can make themselves mentally and bodily fit.

Boy. How much depends on exercise?

Man. The growth of brain with use is remarkable. The brain can become agile. The full and proper use of language is a great and indispensable brain exercise, and very much depends on it. Have you ever thought that a child has naturally no language, save cries and crows? If a human child were brought up by animals it would copy their peculiar cries and remain with an undeveloped brain. What civilisation does is to teach a child language, which it picks up at first by imitation. We must learn to use words properly, for if we do so our thoughts do not wander and become confused. A man who does not talk and exchange thought with others, or who neglects good books, is a man undeveloped.

The range of possibility is enormous. The average brain can learn to be clever, or by neglect and abuse can fall into ignorance and shame. How fine it is to think of a trained, ennobled, courageous mind, not afraid to think for itself, and in control, through a trained nervous system, of muscles capable of great action! Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:

*What a piece of work is a man!
how noble in reason! how infinite in
faculty! in form and moving how
express and admirable! in action
how like an angel! in apprehension
how like a god!*

Boy. Can an average man hope to deserve such praise?

Man. Never believe man to be unworthy of the highest; always regard yourself as the possessor of a great inheritance and a proper pride; always seek in your own life, and in reading the noblest expressions of other lives, the full development of human faculty. Set no bounds to your belief in human possibility, and especially in your own immortal powers.

MARIE ELISABETH

REALLY ARE SARDINES!

For Meatless
Meals—
Appetising &
Sustaining.

